

Don't Threaten Me With A Good Time by [theoceanaway](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Homophobia, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, Mental Illness, Mentioned Abuse, but nothing graphic, everyone is closeted, i may make nancy a bit mean

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers, Steve Harrington, Tommy H. (Stranger Things)

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Summary:

Jonathan Byers is an insecure and anxious teenage boy who puts up a mask for everyone. Steve Harrington is a closeted boy who represses himself to save his family. Their connection sets off something no one can stop, no matter how hard they try.

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Author's Note:

(title taken from a panic! at the disco song :) it will have meaning later probably)

so, i suck at summaries but that is basically the jist of it.

there is going to be mentions or actual abuse in this fic, so be aware of that. i'll warn you before that happens. also, i may not be the nicest to nancy (sorry). i love her, i just am going a different direction in this fic.

enjoy :)

ALSO i'm gonna continue this now! it got attention that i wasn't expecting and i hate it when people don't finish fics so i'll finish this one :))

The bell rings just seconds after Jonathan runs into his first period math class. His new teacher, Mrs. Best, gives him a small glare as he slows down and walks to his desk, but doesn't say anything. The PA system crackles, and the principal's voice comes on. "Please stand for the Pledge."

Jonathan scoffs as the class stands up and, almost robotically, recites the Pledge of Allegiance along with the voice over the speaker. He continues to sit in his chair. His teacher looks up from her work as she stands up, and looks over at him.

"Young man!" she says loudly across the room. The class stops talking and turns to face him. "What's your name?"

"Jonathan Byers," he responds with a cocky smile.

She squints her eyes slightly into another glare. "Why didn't you stand up for the Pledge, Mr. Byers?"

The students laugh scatteredly as they take their seats. Jonathan's smile grows broader as he says, "Mrs. Best, you automatically stand up when you're supposed to say the Pledge, don't you? Do you realize what this means? The government is brainwashing us. And besides, the school can't make me do anything that talks about God. I'm an atheist. God shouldn't even be a part of American democracy."

Mrs. Best's eyes squint even further as the whole class bursts into laughter. Jonathan hears a whistle from across the desk beside him and turns to look at the boy to his left. The boy has a pressed collared shirt on and his hair is flipped to one side. Jonathan pulls on his jean jacket and winks at him. The boy smiles softly.

"Enough!" Mrs. Best yells, and the class goes quiet. "You, young man, are being incredibly disrespectful to not only me, but to America!"

The boy whispers, "Damn, Byers," and makes Jonathan crack up.

"Byers!" she says again. "You have two options. Either recite the Pledge, like a normal person, or you're leaving my classroom and having detention for the rest of the week. Do you understand?"

With an exaggerated sigh, Jonathan stands up. "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America, and to the Republic for which it stands, one nation, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

A look of rage overcomes Mrs. Best's face. "This was a horrible first impression on your teacher, Mr. Byers. Out." She points her finger at the door and waits. Jonathan sighs again, and picks up his bag from next to his seat. He's about to walk out of the classroom when the boy sitting next to him stands up.

"Mrs. Best, he did say the Pledge of Allegiance. I don't know why you're kicking him out."

Mrs. Best puts her fingers to her temple. "You know what, Harrington. Just get out."

The boy snorts softly and picks up his bag, walking boldly across the room, motioning for Jonathan to come with him.

A jockish looking guy from a desk in the back yells, "Fags!" as the walk out the door, and the group of boys around him laugh. The boy yells back in, "Fuck you, Tommy!" Jonathan can hear Mrs. Best get ready to have another yelling fit, and shuts the door quickly. He turns around and faces the boy.

"Hi," the boy says. "I'm Steve."

"Jonathan."

Steve laughs. "I got that."

Jonathan laughs quickly, then lets his head fall down as he fiddles with his jacket awkwardly.

"Are you new here? I don't remember you from last year." Steve asks Jonathan, leaning down to meet his eyes. He touches Jonathan's chin slightly to push up his head.

"Uh, yeah," Jonathan responds, his face heating up. "I-I lived in

Indianapolis with my dad.”

“That seems pretty great, actually. Why the sudden move to Hawkins?”

Jonathan opens his mouth then stops. The facade of cockiness and his ability to talk easily has gone away, just like it always does.

Steve seems to realize something’s wrong. “Hey, it’s no big deal if you don’t want to talk about it. I get it.”

“No, it’s fine,” Jonathan responds quickly. “We’re bonding, I guess, and my brother always says you have to open up a little bit when you’re bonding with people.”

Steve smiles softly at him and leans against the wall of lockers. Jonathan clears his throat.

“My parents are divorced, and when they got divorced, me and my little brother, Will, went to live with my dad. Everything was fine until about a year ago when my dad started hitting me because--well, it doesn’t really matter. Anyway, one day, my brother called child services and they took us to my mom. She’s mentally unstable and always high, but it’s better than my dad.”

Jonathan looks over at Steve, expecting him to look surprised and taken aback, but he instead looks understanding and sympathetic.

“Sit,” he says, and Jonathan obeys. They both slide down the lockers until they are sitting side by side, backs to lockers and minds to each other, like in every teenage romance saga.

“My dad hits me too. It started last year when caught me at a party kissing another boy. He doesn’t try to keep it quiet. My mom knows, but she’s too scared to tell anyone.”

Jonathan looks at Steve, his eyes wide. “Are you okay?”

Steve looks back at him with an air of forced calm to him and says through clenched teeth, “Never been better.”

At that moment, the bell rings, echoing across the empty hallway. Jonathan jumps off the floor. He’s been through this situation before: when boys see you with another boy, rumours happen. The halls start to flood with people as Steve stands up slowly, leaning back against the locker.

“Wow, thought we were bonding,” Steve says, with a slight mocking tone.

“Sorry, I--”

“I know, Jonathan.”

Jonathan relaxes slightly to this feeling of friendship. Maybe he could be okay in a small town life after all.

“Steve!”

A girl’s voice comes across the crowd, and just seconds later, she pops out of the masses and jumps into Steve’s arms. She looks like the classic pretty girl with brown ringlets, a pretty sweater, and high waisted pants.

“Hey, Nancy,” Steve responds, and sets her down. Jonathan makes eye contact with him, and Steve chuckles softly.

“Jonathan, this is Nancy. My... girlfriend.”

Well, maybe.